



H. Gavin Sculp



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THE
SEASONS.

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

To which is added,

A N O D E,

ON THE
DEATH of Mr THOMSON,

By Mr COLLINS.

L O N D O N:

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S. T. N. H.

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF

Mr JAMES THOMSON.

MR Thomson was born at *Ednam*, in the shire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place: a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but justly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was *Hume*, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country: a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's,

and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

OUR author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of *Jedburgh*; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his schoolmaster, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

BUT his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr *Riccarton*, minister of *Hobkirk*, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young *Thomson's* puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

IT is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr *Riccarton*, who, as he was a philosophic man, inspired his mind with a love for the sciences. Nor were the reverend gentleman's endeavours in vain; for Mr *Thomson* has shewn in his works how well

he



he was acquainted with natural and moral philosophy; a circumstance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impressions he received from Mr *Riccarton*.

SIR *William Bennet* likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr *Thomson*, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country-seat: a scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr *Riccarton*, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's-day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

AFTER spending the usual time at school in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr *Thomson* was removed to the university of *Edinburgh*. Here, as at the country-school, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuously of him; and the masters under whom he studied had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than their pupils.

IN the second year after this admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his

father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr *Thomson*, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

MRS *Thomson*, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, did not however sink under this misfortune. She consulted with her friend, the Reverend Mr *Gusthart*, what was most proper for her to do in her particular situation. This reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of *Edinburgh*, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely serviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which she was co-heiress, she repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*, where she lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite son was attending his academical course.

AFTER having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr *Thomson* was entered in the divinity-hall, as one of the candidates for the ministry; where the students, before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity-chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr *Hamilton*: a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particular-

ly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a stile so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow-students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiarist; for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgement had a very great share. Their search however proved fruitless; and Mr *Thomson* continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr *Hamilton* acted a more noble and friendly part: As his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr *Thomson*, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

T H I S

THIS gave Mr *Thomson* to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was; but perhaps he might still have pursued the clerical profession, had not the following accident opened up more extensive views.

ABOUT this time Mr *Thomson* had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr *Riccarton*, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr Auditor *Benson*, who, expressing his admiration of it, said, that he doubted not if the author was in *London*, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of *Benson's* was communicated to *Thomson* by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's then in *London*; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

OUR author went first to *Newcastle* by land, where he took shipping, and landed at *Billingsgate*. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr *Mallet*, who then lived in *Hanover-square*, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montrose*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*,

Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side: a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.—Before Mr *Thomson* reached *Hanover-square*, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert some of our readers, we shall here insert.

WHEN our author left *Scotland*, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to some persons of distinction in *London*, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he fauntered along the streets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually presented to his view. These must naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of less reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr *Thomson's* mind was so engrossed by these new-presented scenes, as to be absent to the busy crowds around him. He often stopped to gratify his curiosity, the consequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honest simplicity of heart, unsuspecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching *Hano-*

ver-square, than one less sensible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curiosity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapt up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man less philosophical than Mr *Thomson*; but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then smiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

MR *Thomson*, upon his coming to *London*, was likewise very kindly received by Mr *Forbes*, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament; who, having seen a specimen of his poetry in *Scotland*, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to some of his friends; particularly to Mr *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. With what a warm return he met with, and how Mr *Thomson* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

IN the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr *Mallet*. This poem, the first finished of all the seasons, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr *Mallet* they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three seasons.

THE approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses: but, at last, the difficulty was surmounted. Mr *Mallet* offered it to Mr *Miller*, afterwards bookseller in the *Strand*, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr *Miller* had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste paper on
his

his hands, few copies being sold till by an accident its merit was discovered. One Mr *Whatley*, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened to cast his eyes upon it; and, finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste, to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniusses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had these who read the poem any reason to complain of Mr *Whatley's* exaggeration: for they found it so completely beautiful, that they could not but think themselves happy, in doing justice to a man of so much merit. Such heretofore was the fate of the great *Milton*, whose works were only found in the libraries of the curious or judicious few, till *Addison's* remarks spread a taste for them; and, at length, it became unfashionable not to have read them.

As soon as the poem of *Winter* was published, Mr *Thomson* sent a copy of it as a present to Mr *Joseph Mitchell*, his countryman, and brother-poet;
who

who, not liking many parts of it, inclosed to him the following couplet ;

*Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,
Those I could read, if these were not so near,*

To which Mr *Thomson* answered extempore :

*Why all not faults ? injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye ?
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.*

UPON a friend's remonstrating to Mr *Thomson*, that the expression of *blasted eye*, would look like a personal reflection, as Mr *Mitchell* had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet *blasted* into *blasting*.—But to return :

THE poem of *Winter* is, perhaps, the most finished, as well as the most picturesque, of any of the four seasons: The scenes are grand and lively ; it is in that season that the creation appears in distress and nature assumes a melancholy air ; and an imagination so poetical as Mr *Thomson's*, was admirably fitted to paint those *vapours*, and *storms*, and *clouds*, the very description of which fill the soul with solemn dread. It is told of Mr *Riccarton*, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a bookseller's shop

shop in *Edinburgh*, he stood amazed; and, after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand, in an extasy of admiration. Mr *Thomson's* digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *poet*, or love the *man*.

FROM this time Mr *Thomson's* acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; among which were the Countess of *Hartford*, Miss *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viscountess *Primrose*, Mrs *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Bishop of *Derry*; who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of *Europe*, recommended Mr *Thomson* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true
cause

cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but our author, who had the best information, places it to the account of

———*Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,*
Jealous of worth———

THE poem of *Winter* meeting with such general applause, Mr *Thomson* was induced to write the other three *Seasons*, which he finished with equal success. *Summer* made its first appearance in the year 1727; *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works in 1730. In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the immediate effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*.

SUMMER has many manly and striking beauties: in particular, the *Hymn to the Sun*, in which some hints are taken from Mr *Cowley's* hymn to *Light*, is one of the sublimest and most masterly efforts of genius we have ever seen.—The introduction to *Spring* is very poetical; and the descriptions in

this poem are mild, like the season they paint.—
Autumn seems to be the most unfinished of the four seasons. It is not, however, without its beauties; of which many have considered the story of *Lavinia*, naturally and artfully introduced, as the most affecting. The story is in itself moving and tender; and it is perhaps no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of *Ruth* in the Old Testament.

As we would not willingly pass over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted both by Mr *Gibber* and Mr *Murdoch*.

WHEN Mr *Thomson* first came to *London*, he was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and, upon the publication of the *Seasons*, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr *Quin*, who had indeed read the *Seasons*, but had never seen their author; and, upon stricter inquiry, he was told, that Mr *Thomson* was in the bailiff's hands, at a spunging-house in *Holburn*.
 Thither

Thither *Quin* went; and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, in his usual tone of voice, "You don't know me, I believe; but my name is "*Quin*." Mr *Thomson* received him very politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. *Quin* then told him he was come to sup with him; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr *Thomson* made the proper reply; and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When the supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr *Quin* then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr *Thomson* declared, he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama). "Sir," says Mr *Quin*, "you mistake my meaning; I owe you "an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr *Thomson*, with a disconsolate air, replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," said *Quin*, raising his voice, "I'll be damn'd before I would do that.

“ say, I owe you an hundred pounds; and there it
“ is,” (laying a bank note of that value before
him). Mr *Thomson* was astonished, and begged he
would explain himself. “ Why,” says *Quin*,
“ I’ll tell you: Soon after I had read your *Sea-*
“ *sons*, I took it into my head, that, as I had
“ something in the world to leave behind me when
“ I died, I would make my will; and, among the
“ rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the
“ *Seasons* an hundred pounds: and this day hear-
“ ing that you was in this house, I thought I
“ might as well have the pleasure of paying the
“ money myself, as to order my executors to pay
“ it, when perhaps you might have less need of it;
“ And this, Mr *Thomson*, is the business I came a-
“ bout.” It is needless to express Mr *Thomson*’s
grateful acknowledgments; we shall leave every
reader to conceive them.

IN the year 1727, Mr *Thomson* published his
poem to the memory of Sir *Isaac Newton*, then
lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium
of that incomparable man, with an account of his
chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical;
and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the
Count *Algarotti*, takes a line of it for the text of
his philosophical dialogues: This was in part ow-
ing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr *Gray*

a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

AT this time the resentment of our merchants against the *Spaniards*, for interrupting their trade in *America*, running very high, our author zealously took part in it; and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

OUR author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr *Charles Talbot* on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr *Thomson* visited most of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and, having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particu-

lar and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to *England*. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr *Thomson* was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shoke, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734: which was soon followed by another, that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord *Talbot* himself; which Mr *Thomson* so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event, Mr *Thomson* found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependance, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during

ring which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward-Islands*, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord *Lyttleton*.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to *England* with Mr *Charles Talbot*, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, had made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting when Mr *Thomson* should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place which he might have enjoyed with so little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. Mr *Millar* was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes

they had acquired, who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

BUT his chief dependance, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his *Royal Highness* FREDERIC Prince of *Wales*; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttleton*, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord *Lyttleton's* recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr *Thomson* was personally known to him.

AMONG the latest of Mr *Thomson's* productions, in his *Castle of Indolence*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important moral lessons. It is written in imitation of *Spenser's* style; and the obsolete words, with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

WE shall now consider Mr *Thomson* as a dramatic writer.

IN the year 1729, about five years after he had been in *London*, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess; upon which the famous *Nathanial Lee* has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.—We must not here omit two anecdotes which happened the first night of the representation.

MR *Thomson* it seems made one of his characters address *Sophonisba* in the following words:

O! *Sophonisba*, *Sophonisba* O!

Upon which a smart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! *Jamie Thomson*, *Jamie Thomson* Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play for the sake of a joke; yet it is certain, that the line ridiculed does partake of the false pathetic, and should be a warning to tragic poets to guard against the swelling style;

style; for, by aiming at the sublime, they are often betrayed into the bombast. This line, however, has been since changed by our author for one less exceptionable.

As Mr *Thomson* could not but feel all the emotions and solitudes of a young author the first night of this play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would sometimes whisper to himself, "Now such a scene is to open;" by which he was soon discovered to be the author, by some gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great croud, be situated in any other part of the house.

AFTER an interval of about nine years, Mr *Thomson* exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr *Pope* acted a very friendly part to Mr *Thomson* on this occasion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation on the first night with his presence; which, as he had not been for some time at a play, was considered as a very great instance

stance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable; and afforded him a very seasonable supply after he had lost his office by the death of Lord *Talbot*, and was still out of place.

IN the year 1739, Mr *Thomson* offered to the stage his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still fore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage act; and as little satisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

THIS refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr *Paterfon*, a companion of Mr *Thomson*, afterwards his deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject, the story of *Arminius* the German hero. But his play,
guiltless

guiltless as it was, being presented for a license, as sooner had the *censor* cast his eyes on the handwriting in which he had seen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, Mr *Thomson*, in conjunction with Mr *Mallet*, wrote the *Masque* of *Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr *Mallet*, in the year 1751; but the edition we give is from the original, as it was acted at *Clifden* gardens in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess *Augusta*.

MR *Thomson's* next dramatic performance was his *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas*: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr *Thomson's* plays; and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, still continues to draw croud-
ed

ed houses, The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Gibber* their appearing in the principal characters: which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

THIS was the last play Mr *Thomson* himself published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that ever lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond* with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat, and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *HammerSmith*, he had over-heated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kewlane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so
much

much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last, Mr *Mitchell* and Mr *Reid*, with Dr *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August* 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttleton*, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage, to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in *Scotland*. My Lord *Lyttleton's*
prologue

prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been *written*: The best *spoken* it certainly was. Mr *Quin* was the particular friend of Mr *Thomson*; and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

*He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear :
Alas! I feel I am no actor here :)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art ;
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal ;
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.*

The beautiful break in these lines, had a fine effect in speaking. Mr *Quin* here excelled himself: nor did he ever appear so great an actor, as at this instant when he declared himself none.

Mr *Thomson's* remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in *Westminster-Abbey*. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr *A. Miller* published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire profits

profits of which he chearfully dedicated to this purpose: and it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences, should be remitted to his relations. This generous publication met with deserved encouragement. His present Majesty, her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, and the principal nobility and gentry in *Great Britain*, appear among the list of subscribers. Nor must we omit taking notice, that Madam *Bontems*, a *French* lady, who has obliged the world with a translation of the *Seasons* into her own language, (a translation equally faithful and elegant,) desired likewise to be a subscriber to this edition of Mr *Thomson's* works.—It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parsimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artist, who erected a monument, not indeed destitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the *Abbey*, nor the present age, will derive any honour.

It is pretty strange, that, upon the death of Mr *Thomson*, his brother-poets did not at all exert themselves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent fatirical epigram, which we are sorry
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we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr *Collins*, who had lived some time at *Richmond*, but forsook it when Mr *Thomson* died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account:

OUR author himself hints somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising. His make was indeed rather robust than graceful; though it was known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten in a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much the same in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded

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responded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry. A *sonnet*, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakspeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

THE autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of *music*, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts
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of *painting, sculpture, and architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgement, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned, placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, came afterwards into the possession of his friend Mr Gray of *Richmond-hill*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and, *heart* they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. His tenderness of heart was unbounded, extending even to the brute-creation. He had a grateful soul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received; nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithstanding a long absence, new acquaintance, or additional eminence; of which the following instance cannot be unacceptable to the reader:

SOME time before Mr Thomson's fatal illness, a gentleman inquired for him at his house in *Kew-*

lane, near *Richmond*, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be *Dr Gusthart*, the son of the Reverend *Mr Gusthart* formerly mentioned. who had been *Mr Thomson's* patron in the early part of his life. The visitor sent not in his name; but only intimated to the servant, that an old acquaintance desired to see *Mr Thomson*. *Mr Thomson* came forward to receive him; and looking stedfastly at him (for they had not seen one another for many years,) said, "Troth Sir, I cannot say I ken your countenance well. Let me therefore crave your name." Which the gentleman no sooner mentioned, than the tears gushed from *Mr Thomson's* eyes. He could only reply, "Good God! are you the son of my dear friend, my old benefactor?" and then, rushing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at so unexpected a meeting.

SUCH was the heart of *Mr Thomson*, whose life was as inoffensive as his page was moral: For of all our poets, he is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of indecency; and, as my Lord *Lyttleton* happily expresses it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*,

—His chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Edin. July 28. 1768.

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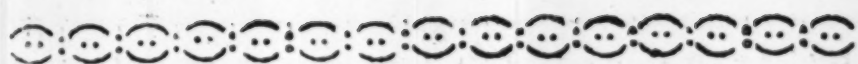
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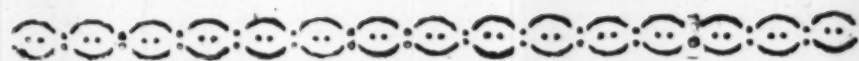
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Spring



S P R I N G.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from this subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness come.
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
 With innocence and meditation join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
 Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze;
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20

Deform the day delightful: so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
 To shake the founding marsh; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the left'ning waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Mean while incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITETHRO' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step; and lib'ral throws the grain, 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye soft'ring breezes, blow !
 Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender shower's, descend ! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear ;
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55
 To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind ;
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

YE gen'rous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded ; as the sea, 70
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless gran'ry of a world !

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,

Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming *Power*
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
 'Thou smiling nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the light dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves 90
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the lib'ral air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Bury'd in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ;
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,

And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower 110
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies:

If, brush'd from *Russian*-wild, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew; or, dry blowing breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown spring thro' all her foilage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' bud and bark, into the blakened cor,
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course 125
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls! 130
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
 Or when th' invenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

BE patient, swains; these cruel seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
 In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

THE north-east spends his rage; and now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n 145
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining æther; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep, 150
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
 Not such as wint'ry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of ev'ry hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is hard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-emploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To through the lucid moisture trickling off;

And wait th' general choir Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaken on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life:
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around

Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showry prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soft'ned shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,

Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung 230
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years ; unflinch'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ; 240
The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Mean time the song went round ; and dance and sport
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole 250
Their hours away ; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
Was known among those happy sons of HEAVEN ;

For reason and benevolence was law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Drop'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

BUT now those whiteunblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
 Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs,
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is of the poise within; the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at anothers joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,

Weak and unmanly, loosens every pow'r,
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid int'rest, feels no more 290
 That noble wish that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens; with extravagance and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From everchanging views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
 At last extinct each social feeling, fell 305
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time a deluge came:
 When the deep-clift disparting orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast:
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seasons since have, with feverer sway;
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd;
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temp'rate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 326
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing on the springs of life. 330
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy toss'd from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
 Tho' with the pure exilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest'd.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, infanguine man 340
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Pierce drags the bleating pray, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,

With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that give them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herb, 356
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have giv'n us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold; and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clowns he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adven'trous to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher life;
From stage to stage, the *vital scale ascends*?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
And, whit'ning, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tap'ring with elastic spring 385
Snatch'd from the hoary steed and floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep;
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch, 390
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play, 395
And light o'er æther bear the shadow clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave 400
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils

Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted, plays in undulating flow, 405
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap, 410
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young and easily deceiv'd, 415
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure 420
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft 425
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded fun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line, 430
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode:
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,

Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course 435
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 440

THUS pass the temp'rate hours : but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon day throne the scatt'ring clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;
 Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale 445
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash, 446
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song. 455
 Or catch thyself the landscape. gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
 Or by the vocal woods or waters lull'd
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix 460
 Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,
 Smoothe every gust of passion into peace :

All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the muse 465
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears 470
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what shall languish do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays 475
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love: 480
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd, 485
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair 490
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank, 495
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye. 505
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend. Around athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busby nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul. 510
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

AT length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green. 515
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bow'ry walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now 520
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,

The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,
 Th' etherial mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew, 525
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes; 530
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves; 535
 And full of renunculas, of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle frieks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break 540
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With sacred pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose,
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEINGS! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master hand, 556
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew:
By thee dispos'd into cogenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At THY command the vernal fun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
By wint'ry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mountain, spreads
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend 570
My panting muse: and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first verse the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touche a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,

Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plum the painted wing.
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadow fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes, when lessening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The black-bird whistles from the thorney brake;
 The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade 605
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Millifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
'That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love 615
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again ²⁷approach; 625
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630
That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rud protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offer its kind concealment to a few,

Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs smooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plantive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight 660
Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings,
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 565
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious time fulfill'd, the callow young,

Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young, 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 To search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and gives them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drope,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her founding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696

The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all it's brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with the loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade:
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
Her sorrows through the night, and on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding wo; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth her former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky ;
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love, at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
 'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, they range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight ;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy clif,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost *Kilda's* * shore, whose loneless race,
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755

The royal eagle draws his vig'rous young,
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his Orser-Isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threat'ning, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
 His every colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madding fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins; 800
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
Nor heeds the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending, cleaves

The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam among the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy-turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending fun.
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy round
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barb'rous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil, ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,

Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden head ;
 And, o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845

WHAT is this *mighty breath*, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ! What but GOD ?
 Inspiring GOD ! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous schem of things. 855
 But, tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
 Th' informing author in his works appears ;
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man ; 865
 When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks

Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's wo,
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
 But come, ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns, 876
 With warmest beam; and on your open front
 And lib'ral eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoc'd,
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wint'ry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world; 885
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young ey'd health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks 890
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity a pace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works, 895
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and ethusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world!

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart, 900
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 OLYTTLETON, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the muse, thro' *Hagley-Park* you stray,
 Thy *British Temple*! there along the dale, 905
 With woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade 910
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 916
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise, 920
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage, 925
 BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of antient song; 930

Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all
 Wears to the lovers eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world, 935
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In vary'd converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes, 940
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless Spirit of etherial joy,
 Inimitable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*. 945
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around;
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 950
 And spiry town by surgy columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees, 955
 Ascending, roughen's into rigid hills;
 O'er with the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky, rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom 960
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize 965
 Her vains, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
 Dar not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower, 975
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late, 980
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 986
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,

Her fyren voice, enchanting, draws him on, 990
To guilful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears 995
Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart : where honour still
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd, 1000
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy blosum'd Spring 1006
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought, 1010
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unnoted. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away, 1015
On swelling thought, his wasted Spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts, 1020
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
 Stays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1025
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank
 Thrown, and drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon 1030
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling anguish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve 1035
 To mingle wooes with his: or while the world
 And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Affociates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page, 1040
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burn's on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power 1045
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,

Exanimate by love; and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams, 1050
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding flow'r enwoven bowers, 1055
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1060
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farthest shore; where succourless, and sad, 1065
 She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain: borne by the outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of love, 1070
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all 1075
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,

Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night 1080
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed;
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1085
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms 1090
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid.
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours, 1095
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1099
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins :
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life 1105
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;

His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

By'r happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1110
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love; 1115
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1120
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from fordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days: 1125
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form: 1130
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair 1135
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;

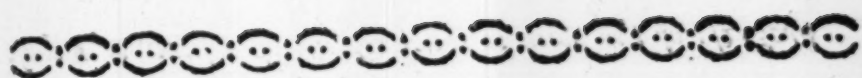
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1140
 Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom. 1145
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, 1150
 To breathe enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss, 1155
 All various nature pressing on the heart;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN. 1160
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads; 1165

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep; 1170
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THE END OF SPRING.



Summer.



S U M M E R.



THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODDINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-bearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer-meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM bright'ning fields of æther fair 'disclos'd,
 Child of the sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
 And ever fanning *breezes*, on his way ; 5
 While from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom, 10
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found : May fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look,

Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

20

AND thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
For BRITAIN'S glory, liberty, and man:
O DODDINGTON! attend my rural song;
Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

25

30

WITH what an awful world-revolving power,
Were first th' unwieldly planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;
To the kind temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such TH' ALL PERFECT HAND,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

35

40

WHEN now no more th' alternate *twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,

45

The meek-ey'd morn, appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

The dripping rock the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine ; 55
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, aukward : while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music wakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy ; 60
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *peace* he dwells ;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake ;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song ?
 For is their aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ?
 Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul ;
 Or else to feverish vaniety alive,

Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ? 75
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than nature craves ; when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildy-devious morning-walk ?

BUT yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer light !
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe ! 90
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing thee ? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourne
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk 100
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead 105
And not as now the green abodes of life;
How many forms of being wait on thee!
In hailing Spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee fublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy fetting beam. 110

THE vegetable world is alfo thine,
Parent of *seasons*! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ftate, it moves fublime. 115
Mean-time the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or fend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming ear,
High-feen, the *seasons* lead, in fprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rofy-finger'd *hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating loofe, the timely rains, 120
Of bloom etherial the light-footed *dews*,
And foften'd into joy the furly ftorms.
Thefe, in fucceffive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch
From land to land is flufh'd the vernal year.

NOR to the furface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,

Her liberal tresses, is thy force confi'nd;
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep, 130
 The mineral kinds confess, thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
 Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
 Hence blest mankind, and generous commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

TH' UNFRUITFUL rock itself impregn'd by thee
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright, 140
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames. 145
 From thee the saphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
 The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring, 150
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues, 155
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,

Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes, the relucant stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 160
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 165
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delicatèd source,
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, is uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken; 175
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods, 185

By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be nature's volume broad-display'd ;
And to peruse its all-instructing page, 190
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate.
My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar. 195

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clust'ring roses lost,
Dew-dropping *coolness* to the shade retires ;
There, on the verdant turf, or flow'ry bed,
By geliad founts and careless rills to muse ; 205
While tyrant *heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, on beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flow'ry race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam ? so fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,

Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray. 216

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food, 220
 The food of innocence, and health! the daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Shelt'ring, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling bows they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise, 226
 Faint underneath, the household-fowls convene;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults,
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer race,
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song 225
 Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire.

WAR'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink, 240
 And secret corner, where they slept away

The wint'ry storms; or rising from their tombs,
 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they power; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty beaming parent can disclose. 245
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand diff'rent tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flow'r,
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task, 255
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese: 260
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate: or, weltering in a bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd, 265
 The villain spider lives, cunning fierce,
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadful Wanderer oft 270
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,

The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon; 280
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close crouding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from the few whatnum'rous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye! 285
 Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
 Waiting the vital breath, when PARENT-HEAVEN
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen.
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud 290
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone 295
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool 300

Stands mantled o'er with green, invifible,
 Amid the floatig verdure millions stray.
 Eeach liquid too, whither it pierces, fooths,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the tafte.
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the fream
 Of pureft cryftal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it feems,
 Void of their unfeen people. Thefe, conceald
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, efcape
 The groffer eye of man : for, if the worlds 310
 In worlds inclos'd fhould on his fenfes burft,
 From cates ambrofial, and the nectur'd bowl,
 He would abhorant turn ; and in dead night,
 When filence fleeps o'er all, be ftun'd with noife.

LET no prefuming impious railer tax 315
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwife, of which the fmalleft part
 Exceeds the narrow vifion of the mind ? 320
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On fwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray fcarce fpreads
 An inch around, with blind prefumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the ftructure of the whole 325
 And lives the man, whose univerfal eye
 Has fwapt at once th' unbounded fcheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependence fo, and firm accord,
 As with unfaultering accent to conclude
 'That *this* availeth nought ? Has any feen 330

The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
 Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyfs !
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till than alone let zealous praise ascend, 335
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport ; till tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter ! thus they flutter on 345
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 550
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing funs, the ruddy maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant hands 355
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread the breathing harvest to the sun, 360
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they take the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 365
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubl'd flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd to where the mazy running brook 370
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood 375
 Commit their wooly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farther shore. 380
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow-move the harmeless race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray, 386
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints

The country fill ; and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills. 390

At last, of snowy white the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumeros prefs'd,
Head above head ; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores, 395
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.

One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

Meantime, their joyous task goes on a pace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ; 405

Others th' unwilling wether drag along,
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord, 410
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !

What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ; 415
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send yon bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees 420
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast,
 Hence, rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays. 430
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the raging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight. dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams 435
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound 440
 Of sharpening scythe ; the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dum mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from a far ; 445
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

ALL-CONQUERING heat, oh intermit thy wrath !

And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! incessant still ye flow, 450
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side 455
 Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without, 460
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep,
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart, the fallying spring, 470
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded-eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ; 475
 And life snoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purels along

The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now 480
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
 Rural confusion? on the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip 485
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troubles insect lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe, 490
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his scrip with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight 495
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scowr the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon; 500
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood. 505
 Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effus'd,

Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
 And heart enstrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !
 Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst ;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ; 511
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave .

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That forming high in air a woodland quire, 515
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt ; and from this world retir'd, 521
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams, 525
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ;
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast, 530
 (Backward to mingle in attested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky, 535
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear 540
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 545
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd 550
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard, 555
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade:
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On contemplation or the hallow'd ear
 " Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain. 560

And art thou, * STANELY, of that sacred band?

* *A young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.*

Alas for us too soon ! tho' rais'd above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight 565
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, most thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ;
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone, 570
 Without the toil of art ? and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ; 575
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this op'ning bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
 Believe the muse, the wint'ry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heav'nly beam of brighter suns, 580
 Thro' endless ages, into higher pow'rs.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound 585
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought, swift-shrinking back.
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all, 590
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ; E 2

Then whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless show'r. 595
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Assant the hollow channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual stop to stop, 600
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars, 605
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop
 Deep in the thicket; or, from bow'r to bow'r 610
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate, 615
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dew border let me sit, 620
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,

An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
By flow'ring umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm 625
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight, 630
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky 635
The short liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air;
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general Breeze* *, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd,
And barb'rous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and † *double seasons* pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vig'rous green, 646

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and re-passes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste 655
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands, that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona* ! to thy citron-groves ; 660
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories bend. Lay me recl'n'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit. 665
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig ;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd, 670
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine !
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice

Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells 680
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best *Anāna*, thou the pride
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty coat, 685
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 680
 And vast Savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail,
 Along these lonely regions, where retir'd, 690
 From little scenes of art, great *nature* dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas:
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd, 695
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
 * Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies; 700
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
 Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave:
 Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,
 High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes! 710
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never resting race of men 715
 Project: thrice happy! could he scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps:
 Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
 'The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray, 720
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from a far,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For nature's hand,

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.*

That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 725
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent 730
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While philomel is ours, while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the lessening night,
 The sober-suited songstrefs trills her lay. 735

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desert barrier-burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds 740
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to robe their wealth;
 No *holy fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated steel to stab their piece, 745
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho'
 more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less
 melodious than ours.

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks 755
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Etherial soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance; their at distance hear 765
 The roaring floods, and contracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the vary'd landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes 770
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! in blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 775
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd; 780

Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow, 785
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne,
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd the whole precipitated mass 790
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm, 795
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around. 800
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along:
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave. 810

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
 In which the full form'd maids of *Afric* lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that form the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
 Fall in *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar*;
 From * *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
 On *Indu's* smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at his bounteous season ope their urns,
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land. 820

NOR less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sustaining trees, 825
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
 The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass 830
 Of rushing water, scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along,

* *The river that was thro' Siam: on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.*

† *The river of the Amazons.*

And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow, 840
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep, 845
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 850
 This pomp of nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Galcondo's gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines ; 860
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers rowl,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing muses teach ; 685

The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the *light* that leads to HEAVEN,
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 870
 And all protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man :
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize !
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom 875
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 880
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : These court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute creation there 855
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds : and while, with threatning tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,

Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stand, 895
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man, 900
 This child of vengeful nature ! there, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce, 905
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.
 The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell. 910
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ; 915
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Croud near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear 920
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den.
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,

The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again : 925
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Day after day, 930
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds,
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 940
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains,
 And all the green delights *Aufonia* pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot, 950
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glitt'ring waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites

With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels, 955
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play :
 Nearer and nearer still they darkning come ; 963
 Till, with the gen'ral all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disast'rous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan 965
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crowded streets,
 Th' impatient merchant, wond'ring waits in vain,
 And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
 Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells. 970
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heav'ns,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck

* *Typhon and Ecnephia, terms for particular storms
 or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.*

† *Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance, at
 first no bigger.*

Compress't, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow 980
 Muster's its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A flutt'ring gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring * GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then, 995
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, Heav'n-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1000
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

* VASCO DE GAMA, *the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.*

† DON HENRY, the third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

INCREASING still the terror of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the brinny flood, 1006
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves 1011
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purpel seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeal meal.

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains 1015
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless fun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1020
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desp'rate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Pow'r* of pestilent disease.
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend, 1025
 Sick nature blasting, and to the heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The tow'ring hopes and all the pride of man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw

The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw,
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm:
 Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale quiv'ring, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore; 1036
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd
 Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand. 1040

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends? * From *Æthiopa's* poison'd woods,
 From stifled *Cario's* filth, and fetid fields 1045
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 'This great destroyar sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death; 1050
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand 1055
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop.

* *These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant book on the subject.*

The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd 1060
 'The chearful haunt of men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the switten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1065
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie, 1070
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
 Extends her raven wing; while, to compleat
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death. 1080

MUCH yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;

And, rous'd within the subterranean world, 1086
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant muse : 1099
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the sacred beds, 2095
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence niter, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud, 1100
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes 1110
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook,

Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast 1115
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 1120
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1125
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1130
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1145
 And ox half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak, 1155
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry road.
 Far seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILTHEARS appall'd, with deeply troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1160
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair,
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1165
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembing truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye, Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1175
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1180
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
 Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd 1185
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In HEAVEN repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 "Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1195
 "And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involves
 "In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 "With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 "That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 "Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 "Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 "With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine,

" 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb, 1210
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and forever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
 Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1215
 A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
 Shines out a fresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1220
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky, 1230
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,

That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy botom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To mediate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek 1240
Instant emerge ; and thro' the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 1245
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak shivering linger on the brink. 1250
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift relapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force ; and the same *Roman* arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1255
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,

Where winded into pleasant solitudes 1260
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he 1265
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1270
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd; 1280
 And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? in sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd.
 A pure ingenious elegance of soul, 1285
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire.
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye, severest, what would you have done?

Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest 1290
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top
Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295
The rival-goddeesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, *DAMON*, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone; 1300
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white, 1305
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? 1310
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softning, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild; 1315
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,

That half embrac'd her in a humid veil 1320
 Rising again, the latent DAMMON drew
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1325
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld safe by the sacred eye 1331
 " Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1335
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1340
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1345
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem

* *The Venus of Medici.*

And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted. Even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across 1350
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
 Incumbant hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1355
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy.
 " Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 " Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1365
 The dream of waking fancy! broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1370
 To seek the distant hills, and their converse
 With nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul; 1375
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,

Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superiour light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, with the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1395
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful * *Shene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AGUSTA send 1400
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.

* *The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.*

† *Highgate and Hamstead.*

In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embow'ring walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE of THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1416
 In *Twit'nam's* bow'rs, and for their POPE implore
 The healing GOD; to royal *Hampton's* pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd height, and *Essex's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 1420
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills! 1435
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires
 And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all,
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,

Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1440
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand,
Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwear'd, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with thy sons of art; 1445
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweets, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy croud'd ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1450
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd, 1456
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or in the list'd plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside; 1460
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource 1465
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And *his own* muses love, the best of *Kings*.
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesman* thou,
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor, 1485
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
 In RALAIGH mark their every glory mix'd,

RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign 1490
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extant of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world; 1495
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The plum of war! with airy laurels crown'd 1500
 The lover's myrtle, and the poets bays
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious and,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1505
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew 1510
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose tempter'd blood
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him 1515
 His friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled,

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the *Muses'* song.
 Thine is a *BACON*, hapless in his choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
PLATO, the *STAGYRITE*, and *TULLY* join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long 1530
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of *HEAVEN*! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to *HEAVEN* again. 1535
 The generous † *ASHLEY* thine, the friend of man
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart. 1540
 Why need I name thy *BOYLE*, whose pious search
 † *ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER*, *Earl of Shaftesbury*

Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD 1545
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1550
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and natures boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom 1555
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song;
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 1560
 Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines thro the' gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTER I, 1565
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1570
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,

And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1557
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas, 1580
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by the naval arm,
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults 1585
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU ! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol : white *peace*, and social *love* ; 1590
 The tender looking *charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted *truth*, and *dignity* of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *chastity* 1595
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :

While in the radiant front, superior shines 1600
 That first paternal virtue, *public zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot fought the bowers 1610
 Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half-imers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round, 1615
 Passes the day, deceitful, vein, and void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 'This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank: 1620
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth. 1625
 But to the gen'rous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,

Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life 1630
 Is inward rapture only to be felt.

CONFESS'D from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All æther soft'ning, sober *Ev'ning* takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*, 1635
 She sends on earth ; than *that* of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *deeper* still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1640
 Sweeping with shadowy gusts the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whit'ning shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1645
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd feeds the wings.

HIS folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1650
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1655
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where

At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell. 1660
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tow'r
 Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe 1670
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wav'ring woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven.
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1680
 Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens till it springs a fresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent light'nings shoot
 Across the sky: or horizontal dart,
 In wond'rous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds; 1699
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens, 1695
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts, 1700
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their pow'rs exult,
 That wond'rous force of thought which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds 1705
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1710
 Reviving moisture on the num'rous orbs,
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee, 1715
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!

Effusive fource of evidence, and truth !

A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul, 1720
Now to the dawning of celestial day.

Hence thro' her nourish'd pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mafs of low desires,
That bind the flutt'ring croud ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :

The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1730
The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone,
Possesses being : while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And ev'ry beauty, delicate or bold, 1735
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought, 1740
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

WITHOUT thee what were unlighten'd man ?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd fur 1745

Rough-clad; devoid of ev'ry finer art,
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill, 1750
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line or dares the wint'ry pole,
 Mother severe of infinite delights! 1755
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse; but taught by thee,
 Our are the plans of policy and peace; 1760
 To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm; or like the lib'ral breath
 Of potent Heav'n, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

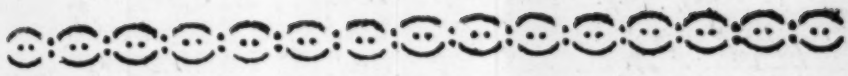
NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex 1770
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her pow'rful glance, 1775

Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain preception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To Reason then, deducing truth from truth ; 1780
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state, 1785
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind, 1790

THE END OF SUMMER.



Autumn

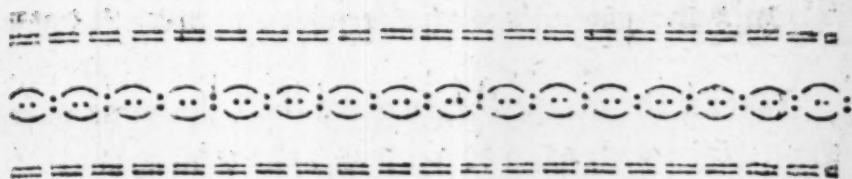


A U T U M N.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Address'd to Mr ONSLOW. A Prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflexions in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, Moon-light. Autumnal mettors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolves in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.



A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
 Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wint'ry frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of pow'r yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20

Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year ;
From heav'ns high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
With golden light enliven'd wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ; 36
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough pow'r !
When labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life :
Raifer of human kind ! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;

With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite : but idle all.

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey : or for his acorn meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shiv'ring wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter breathing frost :

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds ; and thus his days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :

A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :

His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
Where lavish nature the directing hand 75
Of art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,

On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council*, met, the full.
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian-laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods! 125
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk 130
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,

With glowing life pretuberant, to the view 141
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er 145
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy spring ; 150
Without him summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' autumnal months could this transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky, 155
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil. 160
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal and the rural jest
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away. 165
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,

Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick. 179
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think !
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ; 175
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save INNOCENCE and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old, 185
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn 190
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy fashion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare. 19
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all 200
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star,
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace 205
 Set fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most. 210
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the shelter encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye, 215
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command, 220
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the gen'rous, and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ; 225
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes

Amusing, chanc'd beside 'his reaper train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye; 230
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire 235
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 " Of some indecent clown ? She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO'S line ; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 " Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 250
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live,
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish, would this the daughter were !"

WHEN, strick enquiring, from herself he found

She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart, 260
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd-flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears, 265
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" AND art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought, 270
 " So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 " Alive, his every feature, every look,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweter than Spring!
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root, 275
 " That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain, 280
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy 285
 " It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits

H O T O M N.

123

“ ACASTO’S daughter, his whose open stores,
“ Tho’ vast, were little to his ampler heart,
“ the father of a country this to pick
“ The very refuse of those harvest-fields, 290
“ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
“ Then throw that shameful pittance, from thy hand,
“ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task ;
“ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
“ If to the various blessings which thy house 295
“ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,
“ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !”

HERE ceas’d the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love, 300
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought, 305
While, pierc’d with anxious thought, she pin’d away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA’S fate ;
Amaz’d, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz’d her wither’d veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours : 310
Not less enraptur’d than the happy pair ;
Who flourish’d long in tender bliss, and rear’d
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year, 315

124
The fultry south collects a potent blast.

At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir

Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs

Along the soft-inclining fields of corn:

But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,

320

And in one mighty stream, invisible,

Immenſe, the whole excited atmosphere,

Impetuous rushes o'er the ſounding world;

Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours

A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.

325

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,

From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,

And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.

Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage

Thro' all the ſea, of harveſt rolling round,

330

The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,

Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;

Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,

Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends

335

In one continuous flood. Still over head

The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill

The deluge deepens; till the fields around

Lie funk, and flatt'd; in the ſordid wave.

Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.

340

Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams

Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks

The river liſt; before whoſe ruſhing tide,

Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,

Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd,

In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once 350
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamont children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand, 335
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse, 360
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away,

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game* :
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ; 370
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat

Their idle wings, intangled more and more : 375
 Nor on the furies of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their founding pinions ; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
 Then most delighted, when the social fees 385
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ; 390
 When beasts of prey retire that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power 395
 Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage, 400
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare ! 405
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue, the witherd'd fern ; 410
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes, 415
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind, 420
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
 Resound from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shoot ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight.

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more 435
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood. 440
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-streawing, up behind him come again
 Th' human rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees 445
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides; 450
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest, 460
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

OF this enough. But if the silvan youth
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,

Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow, 465
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe,
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die; 470
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye *Britons* then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 475
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass 480
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round, 485
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill, 580

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick our the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears, 590
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man.
 O may their eyes no miserable fight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled, 595
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips; 600
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swing along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foilage o'er the snowy lawn,
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page; 605
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make; 610
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss;
 And sweeten all the toils of human life: 615
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where down yon dale, the wildy-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 620
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree; 625
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair:
 MELINDA form'd with every grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise, 630
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit. 635
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race; 640
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,

In ever changing composition mixt.
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night, 645
 The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelids pores; and, active points 650
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song; 655
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams 660
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODDINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs, 665
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome.
 Far-splended, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day; 670
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Springs find
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muse's seat;

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and Thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open, aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb,
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

690

TURN we a moment fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
 Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 703
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage night.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 710
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay campaign.

Now, by the cool, declining year condens'd, 715
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 720
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 730
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life

Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 735
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 740
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smother along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores,
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 750
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,
 The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise ;
 Amid whose angels infinitely strain'd, 755
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 760
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again

Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 765
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 770
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 'Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 775
 There secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Duecalion's* wat'ry times again, 780

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like *CREATING NATURE*, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to man, 785
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view !
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load, 790
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* sullen bounds !

Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream ! 795
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 'The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the * *stony Girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! hung o'er the deep, 805
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs, 810
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the moon* !
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold ! 815
 Amazing scene ! behold ! the glooms disclose,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !

* *The Moscovites, call the Riphian Mountains*
Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle ;
because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† *A range of Mountains in Africa, that surround*
almost all Monomotapa.

I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains, 820
 The melting snows, and ever-dreeping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttur'd rocks and mazy-running clefts; 825
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk, 830
 Or stiff compacted clay, compacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep, 835
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw, 840
 And send 'em, o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN autumn scatters his departing gleams, 845
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,

The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wint'ry slumbers they retire, 850
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats :
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months 855
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong 860
 Unconquerable hand of liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose, 865
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
 The figur'd flight ascends ; and, riding high
 Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds. 870

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Who can recount what transmigrations there 875
 Are annual made ? What nations come and go ?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?

Infinite wings! till all the plumb-dark air,
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues, 881

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up 885

The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here while the Muse,

High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view;

Her airy mountains, from the waving main, 890
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,

Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand

Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth 895

Full; winding, and green, her fertile vales;

Many a cool translucent brimming flood

Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-Stream*,

Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,

With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook) 900

To where the north-inflated tempest foams

O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak:

Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school

Train'd up to hardy deeds, soon visited

By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage 905

She took her western flight. A manly race,

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave,

Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot-heroe ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
 Too much in vain ! hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life 915
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil:
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is their not some patriot, in whose power
 That best that godlike luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessings thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry, to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain, 925
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ;
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave ; how, white as Hypeaborean snow.
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
 How to dash the wide billow ; nor look on, 930
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores ;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port, 935
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe :
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep ?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 940
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turn her eye;
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn, 945
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate; 951
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind, 955
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods, 960
 Shade deepening overshade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crouded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To footy dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a slobber calm

Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current: while illumin'd wide, 970
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those, whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate croud, 975
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
 And wooe lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise, 980
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse. 985
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock, 990
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 995
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, 1000
 Oft startling, such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 And, shrunk into her beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree :
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 1015
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ; 1020
 Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 'Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream, 1025
 Croud fast into the mind's creative eye :
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,

As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 1030
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn,
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve; 1035
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremenduous sweep, or seem to sweep along, 1045
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land 1050
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE *!
 Not *Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore,*

* *The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.*

E'er saw such silvian scenes ; such various art 1055
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O PIT, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes, 1060
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay fancy then 1066
 Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land* ;
 Will from her standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades 1070
 Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
 Shall draw the tragick scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the vary'd movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires, 1075
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 1080
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity COBHAM, thou thy verdant files

† *The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of suadrons flaming e'er the field, 1085
 And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves; 1090
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor add thy vet'ran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
 And humid ev'ning, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 1095
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend;
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again, 1105
 Void of its flame, and shades a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale, 1110
 While rocks and floods reflect the quiv'ring gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world:

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heav'n;
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, if sickly beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north 1120
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew, 1125
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.

FROM look to look contagious thro' the croud,
 The panic runs and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire; 1130
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din, 1135
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm; 1140
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

Not so the man of philosophic eye, 1145
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety
 One universal blot: such the fair pow'r
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole. 1155
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, and from airy hall. 1160
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
 Wither'd decoy'd by the fantastic blaze, 1165
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 1170
 Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor fits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else 1175
Instructs him how to take the dang'rous ford.

THE lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam; 1180
And hung on ev'ry spray, on ev'ry blade
Of grass, the myriad dew drops twinkle round.

AH! see where robb'd, and murder'd in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive! at ev'ning snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night, 1185
And fix'd o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxing cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor: rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1195
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flow'r to flow'r? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this fade fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long, 1200
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,

Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wint'ry winds; 1205
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state 1210
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theater or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, *Palermo* was thy fate) is seiz'd 1215
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphurous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all. 1221
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch 1225
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up; 1230

And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil strung youth
 By the quick sense of music taught alone, 1235
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force 1240
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never ceasing round. 1245

OH knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud 1251
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, 1255
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death? what tho' his bowl 1260

Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ; 1265
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1279
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the spring,
 When heavendescends in showers ; or bends the bough,
 When summer reddens, and when autumn beams ;
 Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap : 1275
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 1280
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaning lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unfully'd beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever-blooming ; unambitious toil ; 1285
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.

Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun. 1295
 Let thus thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these 1300
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
 But equal in humanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ; 1305
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar, 1310
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ; 1316
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young spring protrudes the bursting genia

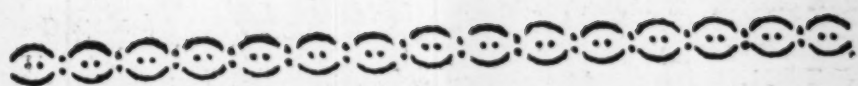
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In summer he, beneath the living shade, 1325
Such as o'er frigid *Temple* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year. 1330
When autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the trepid gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song. 1335
Even winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost, 1340
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend a book the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind, 1345
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Extatic shine; the little strong embrace 1350
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,

And emulous to please him calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy 1335
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !

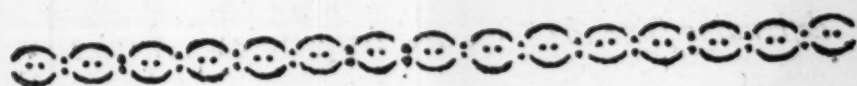
OH NATURE ! all sufficient ! over all !
 Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense, 1365
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way : the mineral *Strata* there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex, 1373
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,
 The vary'd scene of quick compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These are open to my ravish'd eye :
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust ! 1375
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song ;
 And let me never never stray from THEE !



Winter.

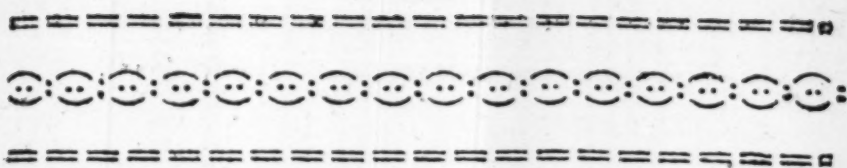


W I N T E R.



THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows : a man perishing among them ; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter-evening described : as spent by philosophers ; by the country people ; in the city. Frost. A view of winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.



W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train ;
Vapours, and clouds, and florms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !
 Cogential horrors, hail ! with frequent foot, 6
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain ;
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of this first essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her song.
 Since she has rounded the revolving year :
 Skim'd the gay spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20

Attempted through the summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wint'ry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; These, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what envy does not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot 45
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;

And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns. 50
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven 55
Involve the face of things. This winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shadding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life, 60
And black with more than melancholy views,
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens, 65
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm ;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear. 70

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
'That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still

Combine, and deepning into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love 80
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade. 85
 Thither the household feathery people croud,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks 90
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er spread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
 Restless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd, 100
 Between two meeting hills it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow, 110
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where are your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky, 115
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the palid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds 120
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro the turbid fluctuating air, 125
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 130
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,

The wasted taper and the crackling flame 135
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 'The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 145
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-foul cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 151
 And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurles the whole precipitated air, 155
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine 160
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn;
 Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive, 165
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste

Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wint'ry *Baltic* thundring o'er their head. 170
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

NOR less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight sleep, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils, 180
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing winds
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs. 185
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen fast'ning, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For ent'rance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death. 195

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind 200
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 Then straight air sea and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life! 210
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
 Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past. 215
 And broken slumber, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
 O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice, 220
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THE keener tempests come : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north, 225
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose ; capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts,
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Blow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide 240
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 245
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man 250
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow. 265

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing 270
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wint'ry plains
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billow tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells, 275
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend, 280

Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ; 285
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call his vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart ! 290
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast, 295
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost, 300
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. 305
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man, 310

His wife, his children, his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire, 315
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, 320
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood, 330
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup 335
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
 How many shrink into the fordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake

With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 340
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, 350
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm, 335
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * band 360
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice. 365
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:

* *The Jail-Committee in the Year 1729.*

Snatch'd the lean morsel, from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wint'ry limbs the tatter'd weed ; 370
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal,
 Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light, 380
 Wrench from their hands oppressions iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men 385
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day ; that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wint'ry famine rous'd, from all the tract 390
 Of horrid mountains with the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave ! 395
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;
 And, pouring o'er the country bear along,

Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed, 400
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart,
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast. 405
 The godlike face of man avails him nought,
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if appriz'd of the severe attack, 410
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the sent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd 416
 In peaceful vales the happy *Grifons* dwell;
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gath'ring terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thund'ring down they come.
 A wint'ry waste in dire commotion all; 421
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the deed of night,
 Are deep beneath the smoth'ring ruin whelm'd. 425

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without—

The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves, 430
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
 Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers join,
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd, 435
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wond'ring eyes. First SOCRATES,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
 That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind, 445
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! *Wise*st of mankind!
 SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by *tender* laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd, 450
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely* wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,

As at *Thermopyæ* he glorious fell,
 The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught. 460
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflatt'ring voice
 Of freedom give the noblest name of *Just* ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ; 465
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
 CIMON sweet-soul'd ; whose genius rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to glory in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,
 TIMOLEAN, temper'd happy ! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd, 480
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good* ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ; 485

* LEONIDAS.

† THEMISTOCLES.

* PELOIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

But when, beneath his low illustrious roof
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,
The gen'rous victim to that vain attempt, 490
To save the rotten state, AGIS, who saw
Even SPARTA'S self to servile avarice funk.

The two *Achaian* heroes close the train.
ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly-ling'ring liberty in GREECE: 495

And he her darling as her latest hope,
The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thund'ring in the field. 500

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd.
Her *better founder* first, the light of ROME, 505
NUMA who soften'd her rapacious sons.
SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid base
On which our earth the *vast republic* spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *private* quell'd,
As on the dead tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes!

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plow. 715
 Thy † WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honours dire command.
 SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave, 520
 Who soon the race spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *pætic shade*
 With *friendship* and *philosophy* retir'd.
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME. 525
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*.
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy *friend*.
 Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse 530
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes ! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain* ! 535
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of Song ! and *equal* by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

† REGULUS.

M

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE :
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting *Lyre*.

FIRST of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd, 545
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine?
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude.
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour every gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart : 555
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou *Hammond*? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge early gain'd? that eager zeal 566
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the muse, 570
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass, 575
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from the ETERNAL MIND; 580
 Its life, its laws, its progress and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on your opening minds;
 And each diffusive harmony unite,
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye. 585
 Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
 Which, tho' to us it seems unbroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
 In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse 590
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies, 595

In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us. would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd, 600
 In powerless humble fortune to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope, 605
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent, 610
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train 615
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize ;
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire. 620
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake

The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;]
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart.
 Easily pleas'd, 'the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 635
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink. 640
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ;
 The circle deepens ; beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes, 645
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks ;
 OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ; 650
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.

Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh. 655
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill 660
 To touch the finer springs, that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy, 665
 Of polish'd life ; permit the *rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place) 670
 To mark thy various full accomplish'd mind :
 To mark thy spirit, which, with *British* scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ;
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment presumptuous *France*, 675
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,

* *A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written
 by Sir RICHARD STEELE.*

The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,
And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul and without pain corrects. 680
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, croud
BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair, 685
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passion's on thy voice attend ;
And even reluctant party feels a while 690
Thy gracious power : as thro' the vary'd maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days, 695
Frosty, succeeded: and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies ;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing a fresh with elemental life.
Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds 700
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates o'er blood ;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool, 705

Bright as the skies, and as the season keen,
 All nature feels the renovating force,
 Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul, 710
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze, 715
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not the potent energy, unseen, 720
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of winter deep suffus'd, 725
 An icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedge bank 730
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects 735
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty thread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain 740
Shakes from afar. The full etherial round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls, 745
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-rising o'er drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook, 755
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks 760
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,

While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport 765
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care, 770
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep
 On founding skates, a thousand different ways
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames, 780
 Or *Russia's* buxum daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day :
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon ; 785
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray ;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow, 790
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,

And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worfe than the season, desolate the fields ; 800
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distrefs the footed or the feather'd game.

BUT what is this? ur infant winter finks,
 Diverfted of his grandeur, fhould our eye
 Astonish'd fhoot into the *Frigid Zone* ; 805
 Where, for relentless months, continual night,
 Holds o'er the glittering wafte her ftarry reign.

THERE, thro' the prifon of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from efcape, 810
 Wide-roads the *Ruffian* exile. Nought around
 Strikes his fad eye, but defarts loft in fnow ;
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and folid floods,
 That ftretch, athwart the folitary vafte,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 815
 And chearlefs towns far-diftant, never blefs'd.
 Save when its annual courfe the caravan
 Bends to the golden coaft of rich * *Cathay*,
 With news of human-kind. Yet their life glows
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the fhining wafte,
 The fury nations harbour: tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, fpotlefs as the fnows they prefs ;
 Sables, of glosfy black ; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
 Thoufands befides, the coftly pride of courts. 825

* *The old name for China.*

There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 830
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak again the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray.
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sorer as the storms increase, 840
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain,
A boist'rous race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 831

* *The north West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian-Clans.*

And give the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of *Lapland* : wisely they
Despise th' insensate barb'rous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 853
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fair, and chearful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 870
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day : enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*. 875
Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
While dim *Aurora* slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve ;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 880

Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 885
 And fring'd with roses † *Tenglio* rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 890
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 895
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

* *M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says.—“ From this height we had occasion several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears.”*

† *The same Author observes.—“ I was surprized to see upon the banks of this river, (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our Gardens.”*

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest *Greenland* to the pole itself,
 Where failing gradual life at length goes out, 900
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath † another sky.
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court; 905
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is forever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 915
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 920
 As if old chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist

† *The other hemisphere.*

The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 925
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 930
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate, 935
 As with first prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd !)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught, 940
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of men ;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,

* *Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY sent by QUEEN
 ELISABETH to discover the north-east passage*

Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 950
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous chear,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 955
 Beyond the kindred bears, that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 960
 New-moulding man? wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! he 965
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.
 Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd 970
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 975
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand

Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 980
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes !
 Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 985
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north, 990
 And awing their stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 995
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

MUTT'RING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blust'ring from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 1000
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 1005
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one-slimy waste. Those fullen seas,
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more

Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave—
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1015
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1020
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1025
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom;
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking eye*, 103
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,

Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age, 1041
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes.
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1045
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man 1050
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1055
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1065
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1070
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1075
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd *evil* is no more:
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle All.

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
 Wide-flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ; 5
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes THY glory in the summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
 Soots full perfection thro' the swelling year : 10
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispring gales.
 THY bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
 In winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blatt. 20

MYSTERIOUS round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, streaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature : hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolve, 35

With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! TO HIM ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes ;
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise ye brooks, attune ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to HIM ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with ev'ry beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The list'ning shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ; 81
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-responding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove : 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray 95
 Ruffles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the black'ning east ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat ?

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey, there, with new pow'rs, 110
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons,
 From *seeming Evil* still educating *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
 In infinite progression, — But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFABLE !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Ode on the death of MR THOMSON,* by MR COLLINS.

The scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to ly on the
THAMES near RICHMOND

IN yonder grave a Druid lyes,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!
2 In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy * harp shall now be laid;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade:
3 Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while it sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To bear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
4 Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!
5 And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening * spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
6 But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!
7 Yet lives their one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near!
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.
8 But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
No sedge crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!
9 And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!
10 The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.
Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* MR THOMSON died on the 27th of August, 1748.

+ The harp of Aeolus, of which, see a description in the Castle of
Indolence.— * Richmond Church.

THE END.



